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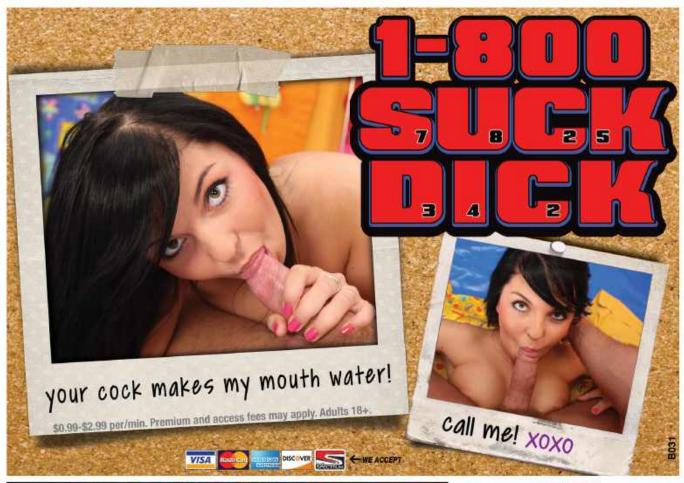
























CASTING COUCH

Not long ago, I tried out for a part in a movie. I had always wanted to try acting, and my best friend basically dared me when he found a part for me, which was just a part he found hanging in the coffee shop.

Still, I tried out, figuring that at least it would be a fun experience. As we sat and waited, I tried to remember everything I was supposed to, and before I knew it, they were calling my name. And it wasn't long before everything I was supposed to remember went out the window.

They led me into this room where a half dozen random props were all scattered around, along with one person sitting and facing a blank wall. And she was gorgeous. At least 6'3", with flowing blonde hair and bright blue eyes. I swear, she sat so that her large boobs pointed up, and the blouse she was wearing was undone down to the center of her chest, letting her ample cleavage show. She also wore a tight mini skirt that barely wrapped her ass and teased of what was just out of sight.

I stood there frozen like a deer in the headlights until she cleared her throat and demanded that I begin. I stumbled over my monologue a couple of times, trying to keep my thoughts straight as this bombshell was right in front of me, my only audience.

After my third time tripping up, she looked up over the top of her huge chest and stopped me. My face was red as she stood up and made her way over to an old couch that was sitting at the side of the stage and patted the seat next to her, telling me to sit down. I lowered my hands in front of my growing crotch and made my way over to sit down nervously.

At that point, I could smell her perfume, an

intoxicating aroma that only made me think of what I wanted to do with her. She was saying something, possibly giving me some sort of direction, though I was far away until I heard the words, "...kiss me."

My heart skipped a beat as I just stared at her. "And... make me believe it," she added, with playfully sinful

eyes. I only hesitated long enough to lick my lips and leaned in with as much desire and passion as I already felt for the beautiful woman asking me to kiss her.

She returned the kiss, coaxing my tongue into her mouth as she took control of my hands, guiding one toward her chest and the other up from below her mini skirt. I gasped to realize that she didn't have anything on underneath, and my fingers were quickly

playing with her pussy, already wet with anticipation.

She smiled at me, a smile of desire and strength. "What will you do for the part?" she asked, raising a brow. Suddenly, it felt like I had been led here, and I had to make her really feel something to get the part. I smiled back at her and told her I'd do anything to make her happy. She pulled up her mini skirt and spread her legs wide in my face.

I looked at her with a wry grin and without hesitation, dived into her pussy, making out with it, and letting my tongue explore the same way I'd done with her mouth. She threw her head back and let out a loud, long moan that told me to keep going. I lifted her legs up on my shoulders, and unbuttoned her 40+ #22

40+: Today I get to talk about one of my favorites, a lady that has long



reigned supreme in the adult community, India Summer.

India: There's something a little strange about meeting in the middle of a casino buffet. Definitely a first for me.

40+: Well, I'm hungry and I hope you are too. I'm a big fan of buffets because of the variety and portions.

blouse the rest of the way, giving me access to her healthy chest that started to bounce as she ground her crotch deeper into my face. I let one hand move down below and traced up and down her ass crack a few times before letting a finger slid up her hole. Her eyes told me everything I needed as I worked every part of her I could reach.

By then, my dick was bursting to escape, so I popped open my pants and lifted myself up to line up with her ass hole. I barely winked at her before letting myself in. I groaned with how tight she was, while she let out what sounded like a howl, her ass grabbing my dick and pulling it in deeper. I took that as the sign and let myself go all out. I lifted her up and pressed her back against th

e wall, plowing deeper with each thrust. And it wasn't long before I erupted deep in her ass to her screams of pleasure. I gasped and let her down, and she lowered her skirt and readjusted her blouse, almost identically to the way it had been before she allowed me to leave.

It was only later, telling the story to my friend, that it occurred to me that there might not have even been a part to begin with. Either way, my buddy was jealous he didn't audition too. His loss was my gain.

- Uri K., Los Angeles, CA

BROWN BAG SPECIAL

I had conducted many welfare checks thro "Everything looks good," my dentist said. "Keep doing what you're doing." He wished me well and exited the room.

Mandy, his new dental hygienist, had handled the majority of today's work – taking x-rays, cleaning and polishing my teeth – by herself. I hadn't even seen my dentist until the very end of the checkup when he had checked me for oral cancer. Thankfully he hadn't found anything even remotely suspicious.

I was most grateful; for a healthy mouth, and his new hire.

Mandy was a hot blonde. Early twenties, I surmised, probably a recent graduate who



had just landed her first professional job.

My dentist was a savvy fellow, for sure. His previous hygienist had been a real looker as well. It must've been a job requirement. I couldn't help but wonder if he poked his help on the side. If so, he was one seriously lucky bastard. The guy had a thriving practice, an Italian sports car, and worked a four-day week.

Presently Mandy leaned over and removed my paper bib. Her breasts pressed against my shoulder. I hoped she liked it here, hoped she decided to stick around for a while.

"You're good to go," she said, handing me my little plastic goodie bag stuffed with the usual supplies – toothbrush, toothpaste, floss, etc.

Everything was in miniature, of course. Too bad I couldn't say the same about the bill. The receptionist, a dour zaftig, seemed to delight in watching me wilt as I reached for my wallet.

I paid the lady before making a quick detour to the restroom. My bladder was about to pop. I pissed a bucketful, washed my hands, and stepped outside to find the waiting room empty. The receptionist was conspicuously absent from her station behind the sliding window. The lights had been dimmed.

I peered through the glass front door, watching with mounting panic as my dentist and his receptionist slid into his Italian sports car and wheeled out of the parking lot. Shit! I was locked in! They hadn't realized that somebody was in the restroom!

India: Yeah, I like them, too, but never been to one for an interview.

40+: Let's not call it an interview.
Let's pretend you're talking with a huge fan. That's not too far off.

India: (chuckles)
I guess not. Are
you gonna ask me
questions while we
stand in line?

40+: Yeah, but only about your food choices.

India: Okay, let's do it. I wanna start with a spinach and mushroom omelette.

40+: I like my eggs scrambled with a lot of cheese on them. Yum.

India: Check out this chef, she's a babe. I think she likes me. (smiling) "Fuck me," I muttered.

"Looking for these?"

I turned around, surprised to find Mandy standing there behind the sliding window. A set of keys dangled from her finger.

"Am I glad to see you," I said.

"Sorry about that," Mandy replied. "They always lock up when they go to lunch."

"You weren't invited?"

"Oh, sure, I was invited. But they like to go to expensive places. I don't have the money for that, so I usually just stay here."

"Brown bag special, huh?"

"You know it." She twirled the keys playfully. "But I don't mind. It's nice having a little time to myself in the middle of the day." "Sure."

"Well, I guess you're ready to go."

Mandy walked out from behind the reception area and joined me at the door. She started to insert the key, then stopped. "You know," she said, regarding me with a coy smile. "they'll be gone for a whole hour."

What was she implying? Certainly not sex, I thought. I couldn't possibly be that fortunate. No cavities would surely be the extent of today's luck.

"Plenty of time to eat your lunch," I said lamely.

"Yeah." She lowered the blinds over the glass door, effectively cutting us off from the outside world. "Plenty of time to eat my lunch..."

Mandy knelt before me and fumbled with my belt. My chinos dropped to the floor. I watched with amazement as she spat on my cock and proceeded to stroke me, working her hand back and forth with a deft priming motion.

I dropped my little bag of goodies in a nearby chair and ran my hands through her silken hair. She added her other hand to the festivities, tugging my turgid dick with a masterful two-handed technique, all the while licking her lips hungrily.

"You like that, baby? Huh? You like it when I stroke your cock?"

"I fucking love it," I told her.

"If you think this feels good," Mandy remarked, "just wait until I suck it."



Thankfully she didn't make me wait too long. She was a hungry gal. No real shocker. After all, it was lunchtime . . .

She grabbed my hips and took me in her mouth. Lips wrapped around my pole, she worked her head to and fro, pumping me with vigorous lunges to the accompaniment of sloppy slurping sounds. Mandy loved to gobble cock. She took great pride in the act, doing her damndest to treat me to the best blow job I had ever had.

I fucked her face with aggressive strokes, jabbing the back of her throat with my engorged prick cap. This triggered her gag reflex. Saliva oozed down her chin as she dug her nails into my flesh, prompting me to grunt and groan.

Mandy came up for a breather, a blessedly brief breather in which she rubbed my balls, caressing and fondling them with loving care before getting back to work. Jerking my cock with one hand, she licked and sucked my nuts, pushing me closer and closer to the blissful precipice.

Sensing my forthcoming explosion, she doubled her efforts, tugging my prick faster and faster. And then I came, blasting her in the face with a massive spray of jizz. She took it like a champion, reveling in it, wearing her mask of spunk with pride.

Per Mandy's request, I joined her in the tiny staff lounge. She gave me half of her turkey sandwich, some potato chips, and a soda.

More importantly, she gave me her phone number.

Walter M., Pittsburgh, PA

40+: I think so! Look at how she over-stuffed your omelette.

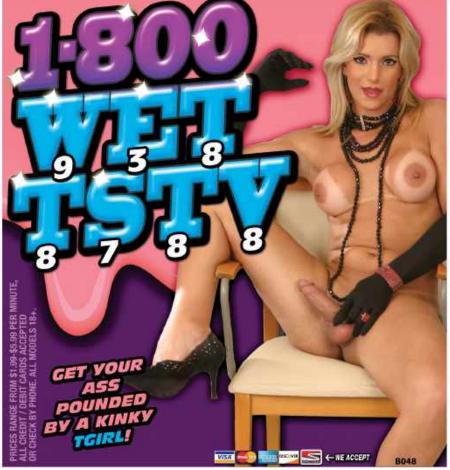
India: (giggles) Let me get some fruit and I'll meet you at our table.

40+: (back at the table) So... I'll try to talk while chewing and you can do the same... Seems like the videos I've watched of you lately have been a huge mix of men, young women, MILFs, and multipartner. Elaborate, while I eat...

India: (chewing)
That's not fair, but okay. Obviously, I like them all. Doing the same type of situation, like boy-girl, or girl-girl, actually can get a little boring. Mixing it up makes it much more palatable, especially if I'm having a lot of sex that week, or month.







THE RECEPTION

I was attending my friend, Phillip's wedding rehearsal. It seems like it's takn those two to get their plans together, but love moves slowly. Too slowly for me. That's when I met her. She was a bridesmaid and I was standing in on the groom's side. As the rehearsal started I could feel the buzz between us as I turned and stared into her amazing blue eyes. The rehearsal continued, each of us following directions and doing our part for the future bliss of the soon-to-be newlyweds. As the evening progressed, we didn't say a word to each other during dinner and it scared the hell out of me.

I wondered if she's feeling the same thing, because our eyes have met more than once. But thankfully, my fears were unfounded, and next day the wedding went off without a hitch. I couldn't get over how sexy she looked in the powder blue bridesmaid dress that matched her eyes and her blonde hair pinned up and looked so proper. Some of the other guys teased me over the hard-on I had for her.

The wedding ended as the beautiful spectacle that it was. Tons of good wishes and good cheer were bestowed upon the lucky couple, but tonight I think I'm going to be the luckier one. And I'm not even getting married. At the reception, music played, people ate and danced, and I took her by the hand and we danced our way out the door. We just wanted to find a quiet, private corner away from the guests to get some air,

I grabbed a flute of champagne on my way out the door. In the parking lot I see the wedding party's limo with the driver nowhere in sight. I wandered over to it and found that it's not locked. I motion her over and hold the door open for her to enter.

I'm still holding the champagne, as I climb in behind her. We settle in the back seat and sit facing each other. I take a sip from the flute and begin to kiss her mouth, flooding the golden liquid into her mouth. I slide my hand up her thigh and discover she's wearing garters and no panties. She leans over and unbuttons my shirt while she lightly runs her



nails across my bare chest. I pull her dress off quickly and while I find the black lacy bustier she's wearing very sexy, but it's got to go.

Now we're both naked and the cool leather of the limo seat fells good as our body temperatures rise. I hold her glass next to her skin below her collarbone and tilt it slightly, the bubbly liquid flows down between her breasts, into her navel and trickles into the small patch of hair below.

I kneel before her and trace its path down with my tongue. I part her smooth legs and run my tongue across her pussy, flicking gently at her clit. She moans with pleasure as I swirl my tongue again and again over her mound and savor her taste.

As she lays back across the seat, I rise up and mount her with delight as my hard cock enters her pussy and her nails dig into my back. We move together, whispering to each other, 'faster, faster, harder, harder.'

The scent of our bodies and a hint of the expensive champagne lingers in the air. It doesn't take long for her to reach the edge of orgasm. She shudders with the intense pleasure of her orgasm as I empty my juices into her with a groan.

One minute later we're dressed as well as can be expected and our hair is messed up, but we walk back into the reception hand in hand. A few people noticed that we were a little messy, but their attentions quickly went back to the wedding party. There was magic in the air that night and I took it back home with me.

- Alvin G., Dallas, TX

40+: Nice. What's your favorite?

India: For me, it's like this buffet. (oh, no!) You don't come here for just one dish. You're here to taste a lot of them. They all have their own special flavors. When you tire of the meats, there's a huge salad bar. And then there are the international flavors. Something to munch on from all over the world. But my favorites have to be the desserts. I mean, just look at how many there are and they all look yummy!

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get fucked. Once she got home, she called Alura to help scrub off the day.



























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Would you do me a favor? I'd really like to have my shirt torn open, my pants thrown to the floor, and cute panties made a mess of. So, if you don't mind, I'll show you how I want it, but it's not going to be the same without you here.





























A ll my life I was unlucky until I met Maryanne.

Every time I dropped a slice of bread when I was a kid, it landed jelly-side down. When I tried to sneak into a bus via the rear exit, the door closed on my neck. Nothing I ever tried seemed to work.

It was even worse after I got out of high school. The list of jobs I was fired from was exceeded only by the number of jobs I wanted but couldn't get. Nothing ever seemed to go right.

Experienced HR persons spotted me right away. "If I saw you in a line ahead of me," one of them said to me once, "waiting to get on a plane, I'd take a different flight." He said it good-naturedly, but he meant it, and it hurt. It meant he didn't want me on the ground near him, either.

"You're not a bad-looking guy, Ed," a chick said to me once while we were standing under a tree getting soaked by the rain which had drowned out our private picnic. "But you are definitely a loser."

The bad part about it was that I didn't feel like a loser. I just had bad luck. But then I met Maryanne.

We were both working at a manufacturing company. Maryanne was tall, dark, plump, and always smiling. She smiled at everyone. She even smiled at me when I passed her desk with the day's shipping orders. I tried to smile back, but I hadn't had much practice smiling at girls

who looked like Maryanne.

Then I began to run into her at the water cooler. It seemed every time I sat there, Maryanne would be there too. She had jet-black hair and soft brown eyes that twinkled brightly. She was the sexiest-looking babe I'd ever met. Every noticeable curve seemed to exude a quiet comehither look that made my nerve ends tingle. But I never knew what to say to her.

I was searching for a line to use on her to break the ice. I waited until Maryanne and I were alone at the water cooler one morning, and plunged in. "I've been wondering what kind of a diet you're on," I said to her.

She looked surprised. I'd never said anything to her before except "Good morning." "Diet?" she echoed.

I forced myself to push ahead. "The house rule is that anything less than a size 6 panty around here is unacceptable."

She giggled. Then she laughed. Then she patted my cheek. "Eddie, you've gone and worked yourself up a line!" she exclaimed. She sounded delighted. She patted the area I'd been talking about "You don't ever need to worry about my getting below that panty size, Eddie." She was the only one who ever called me Eddie. It sounded really good whenever she did. "When are you going to ask me for a date?" she asked abruptly.

"Y-you mean if I did you'd say y-yes?" I stammered.

Every noticeable curve seemed to exude a quiet come-hither look that made my nerve ends tingle. But I never knew what to say to her.













Her waist was small, but she hadn't been kidding about her ass. It gleamed like a pale moon in the bedroom's semidarkness. A guy would have needed six or eight hands to take hold of all of it at once. I did the best I could with two.

'Why don't you try me and see?" Her smile was dazzling.

So we went to a movie that night and to a restaurant afterward. We went in Maryanne's car. We held hands during the movie, and again at the restaurant. It was a perfect evening. When I was saying good night outside Maryanne's apartment, she half turned and patted herself on her butt. "You like them big there?" she asked me over her shoulder.

"You bet!" I declared. "Mine is nice and big," she said, and smiled. "Good night, Eddie."

The next week we went to another movie, and it was every bit as nice an evening as the first time. Maryanne invited me upstairs to her place for a cup of coffee afterward. Her apartment was very nice, not one bit like my box-like room. She sat down beside me on her couch and blew into my ear, and giggled when I jumped. Then all of a sudden she was in my arms and we were kissing. She was so warm and so fragrant, and so fragile-feeling I was almost afraid to breathe.

"Why, Eddie!" she said softly. "You're trembling!" She got to her feet, reached down, and unbuttoned my shirt, very deliberately. Then she took my hand and pulled me to my feet. She unzipped my jeans and dropped my boxers around my ankles. When she took hold of my dick, goosebumps jumped up all over me. She then led me into her bedroom where she helped me to undress her.

Her waist was small, but she hadn't been kidding about her ass. It gleamed like a pale moon in the bedroom's semi-darkness. A guy would have needed six or eight hands to take hold of all of it at once. I did the best I could with two.

Maryanne let me play for a while and then she turned around. Her smoothly rounded belly curved deeply into the beckoning folds between her thighs. Her large breasts still managed to be tip-tilted and firmly jutting, crested by perky, grape-like nipples. Then she pulled me down on top of her on the bed, and it turned out that she



wasn't

fragile at all. We did a drag-strip quarter-mile after she connected us, then without disconnecting we settled in for a long, dreamyfeeling ride in the country.

"Oh, god, I had a feeling you'd be like this," she sighed after I finally ran down. She half sat up and reached down to take hold of my sticky, friction-reddened, diminished cock which still overflowed in her palm. "What do you feed this tiger?" she asked playfully.

She agitated it skillfully until it was spiky again, then placed herself on top of me and turned herself into a human pinwheel. I had no breath left by the time she collapsed after a series of soft, inner explosions.

We had about three hours sleep that night, but I wasn't complaining when we went to work in the morning. And things kept on getting better and better. Maryanne suggested that I move in with her. And at the plant, she made it clear she liked me that some of the guys began looking at me differently than they had before.

And so did some of the girls. A couple of them began to stop at the water cooler whenever I was there. They would include me in their giggling conversations, something they had never done before. But then Maryanne would appear, smiling at me, and the other girls would drift away. Maryanne's smiles were always promising me the things we'd do together that night.

"You've got to stop letting people push you around, Eddie," she said to me after a hot fuck session in bed one night. "You're the hardest worker in the shipping department, but how long







has it been since you asked for a raise?"

I almost broke out into a sweat on top of the sweat I had already worked up. I'd never asked for a raise; I didn't want to call attention to myself. I'd lost so many jobs, and I wanted to keep this one. But I couldn't tell Maryanne that. She'd think I was a jerk too.

I reached over and slipped a finger into her wet pussy, and she forgot about the boss for a while. But a little later she brought it up again, and to my horror I heard myself promising her that I would ask him.

"Good," she said. "They can't refuse you." I knew better, but what could I say?

I worked late one night a week later, after Maryanne had already gone home. When I reached the apartment I found a note on the kitchen table. "My mother is not well," the note read. Maryanne's mother lived in the next state. "See you next week. Love, Maryanne."

Finally Maryanne returned from her mom's, arriving at work one morning. As it turned out, given that she had a good rapport with the boss, she sat down and happened to mention how valuable an employee I was to the company. So when I ran into him later that day, he pulled me aside.

"Maybe I've been overlooking you around here, Ed," he told me. "A man who can hold his end up like that deserves a little more responsibility. I'll see to it you notice it in your next paycheck."

Maryanne drove us home that night after work. I had really missed her while she was away, so when we stepped onto the slow-moving elevator in her apartment building I kind of took hold of her. She reciprocated by unzipping me and taking my cock out of my pants. I unfastened her skirt and dropped it around her ankles, then filled my hands with her ample velvety ass cheeks. After a moment I pulled her panties down too.

She was kissing me hard while she rubbed my dick against her cunt lips. I was ready to go up in flames when the elevator door opened at our floor. We broke apart. My now-naked Maryanne bent down and scooped up her clothes. When the angled elevator mirror indicated that the hallway was empty, she tossed her clothes over her shoulder, took hold of me again and pulled me off the elevator with her hand firmly wrapped around my rock-hard cock. Then she smiled impishly at me over her shoulder as she led the way toward her apartment.

We were almost there when another apartment door opened and Mrs. H., the neighbor, stepped out into the hallway. Maryanne never

even broke stride. "Good evening, Mrs. H.," she said

"Good evening, Maryanne," Mrs. H. returned. She was smiling. "Good evening, sir."

I mumbled something while Maryanne unlocked our apartment door with her left hand. I was still connected to her right hand. "See what I found, Mrs. H.?" Maryanne asked cheerfully. She opened her hand to display right, left, and center my totally erect penis, which had my toes curled up inside my shoes.

"Aren't you lucky, dear," Mrs. H. commented, acting as though Maryanne's bare ass wasn't hanging out in the breeze. "I'd give it a good home if I were you."

"Bet on it," Maryanne told her. "Bet on it."

And with that we went inside. Mrs. H.'s voice floated in after us just before Maryanne closed the door. "Have fun, kids," Mrs. H. said.

We never made it past Maryanne's living room. We got right down on the rug and I rousted her gorgeous ass all over it. She had twin smudges of dirt on each magnificent nude hemisphere when I let her up, and her pussy sported a glistening deposit of pearly droplets. We got into the shower together and fucked each other under the hissing water.

I can tell you one thing for sure: There's never a dull moment with Maryanne around. But maybe the best part of the whole thing, next to having her around, is that nobody seems to think I'm such a loser any more.

We never made it past Maryanne's living room. We got right down on the rug and I rousted her gorgeous ass all over it.

































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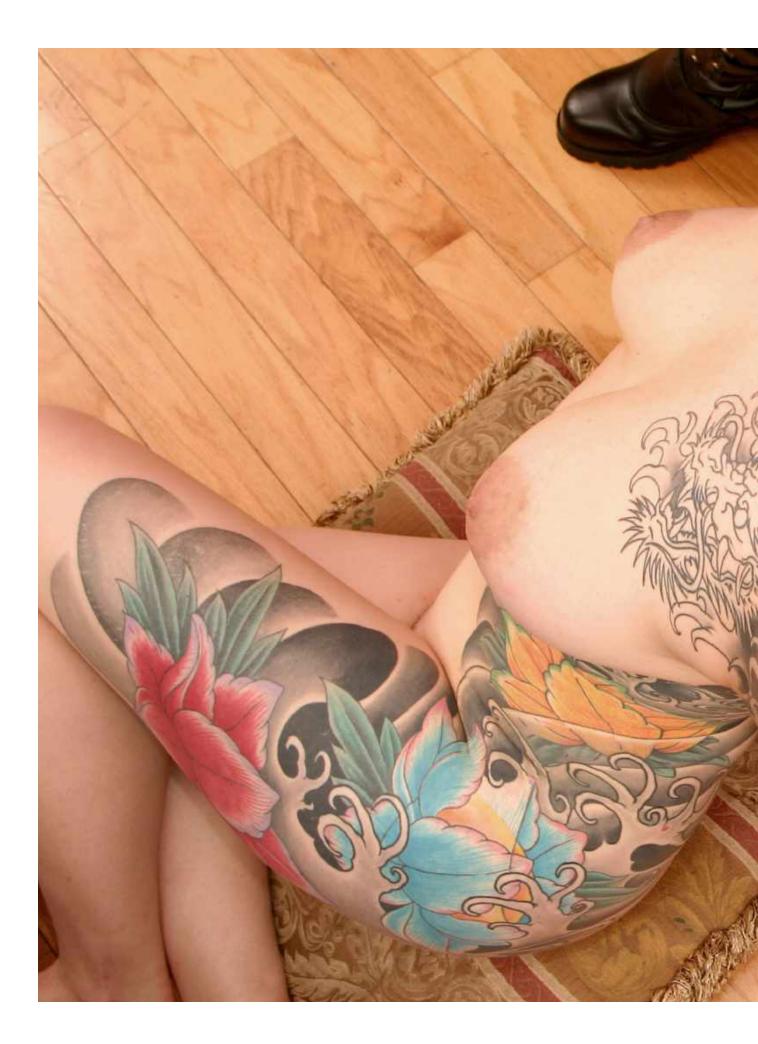








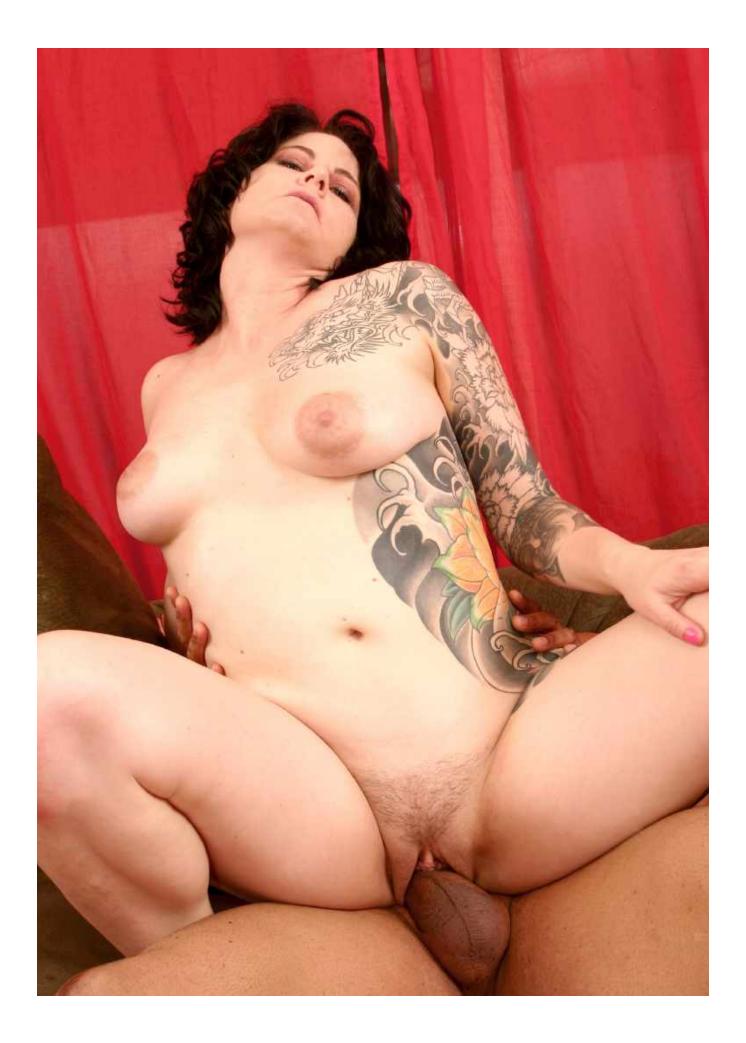
















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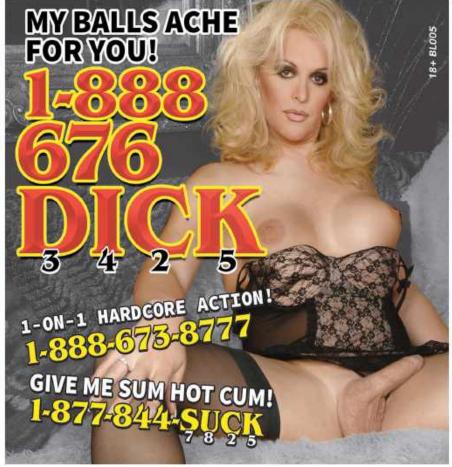














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